

THE Carter / Mondale Letter

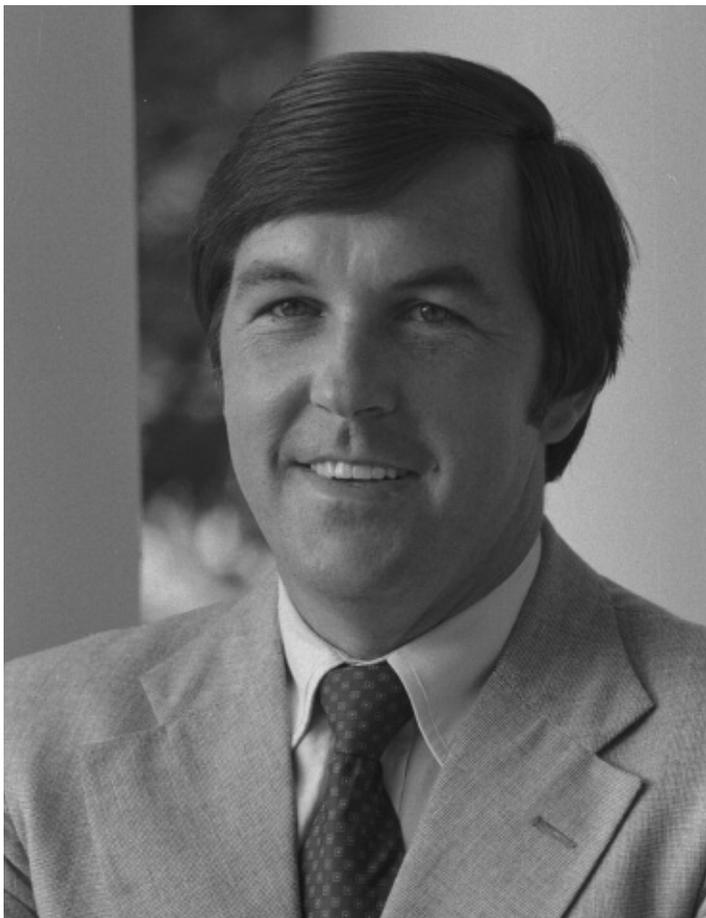
Fall 2008

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Remembering Hamilton Jordan 1944–2008

By Drew Jurbera, Jim Auchmutey
The Atlanta Journal-Constitution

Hamilton Jordan was remembered as a political genius, a loving husband and father, an unrepentant jokester, an enjoyer of cocktails, and especially as a cancer survivor and warrior advocate for others afflicted with the disease.



This newsletter is dedicated to the memory of Hamilton Jordan, who passed away May 20 at age 63, following a long battle with mesothelioma, a form of cancer. Daughter Kathleen Jordan is working on a book about her father; any thoughts or anecdotes you would like to share can be sent to memoriesofhamilton@gmail.com.

This newsletter includes comments and articles about Hamilton from friends and media, including political associates and those from other facets of his life.

Tom Johnson, former head of CNN, summed up the former White House chief of staff as “the bravest fighter I have ever met. He fought and he fought and he fought.”

To an overflow crowd inside the 475-seat chapel at the Carter Center, former President Jimmy Carter added of Jordan, “No other human being affected my life and career more beneficially than Hamilton Jordan.” Carter then closed his 10-minute eulogy at the end of a 70-minute memorial service, “I loved Hamilton like my own son, and I will miss him for the rest of my life.”

The former president said he worked with Jordan for 42 years. He spoke of the time during his governorship when Jordan came into his office and said, “Governor, I want to talk to you about your future.”

Jordan told Carter he could not run for another term as governor, and he could not beat Herman Talmadge for another term. “I think you ought to run for ...” Then Jordan tried to spit out the word, “... p-, p-” and finally he said, “... national office.” Carter said, “Which one?” Jordan said, “There ain’t but one.”

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He said when they were in the White House, then-House Speaker Thomas P. “Tip” O’Neill called Carter in the Oval Office and the president said, “What can I do for you, Mr. Speaker?” And O’Neill said, “Go down the hall and ask Hamilton Jordan to return my call.” Carter said he replied, “Yes sir, Mr. Speaker. I’ll deliver your message, if I can find Hamilton this afternoon.”

Carter said he was always surprised in his press conferences. He thought people were going to ask him about Middle East peace, but the question more often was something like, “Does Hamilton Jordan really wear blue jeans and tennis shoes in the Oval Office?”

“Hamilton was the unquestioned coordinator of our entire staff,” Carter said. “Everyone in the White House knew Hamilton was the chief.”

Early arrivals [at the memorial service] included Chip Carter, son of former President Carter, and former Emory University President Jim Laney.

Others arriving early included Andrew Young; former U.S. Sen. Max Cleland; Carter’s budget director, Bert Lance; former U.S. Sen. Wyche Fowler; former Carter pollster Pat Caddell; Carter media adviser Gerald Rafshoon; and Atlanta Braves executive John Schuerholz.

Fowler, when asked about a favorite Hamilton Jordan memory, said this:

*“I loved him like my own son, and
I will miss him for the rest of my life.”*

—Jimmy Carter

“Well, we ran against each other for the Senate in 1986. I got 49 percent of the vote, so we were going to have to have a runoff. I called Hamilton and basically asked him to get out of the race so that we could beat the Republicans in the fall. A couple of days later—I’ll never forget—he graciously threw his support to me.

“I’ve admired his courage and loyalty all these years.”

Cleland also shared a favorite Jordan memory.

“Hamilton Jordan literally opened the door for me,” Cleland said. “On Jan. 20, 1977, at 20 minutes after five o’clock, he opened the door to the Oval Office and said ‘come in.’ And I found myself face to face with the president of the United States, and I couldn’t speak.”

Cleland soon after became the director of the Veterans Administration. It was President Jimmy Carter’s first appointment.

Lance said of his friend Jordan, “He was the personification of courage with all the illnesses he went through. His attitude was so impressive. Of course, we got a lot of experience with courage in Washington.



The Jordan family (from left): son Alexander, daughter Kathleen, son Hamilton Jr., wife Dorothy, and Hamilton.

“It took a lot of courage to face what we faced in Washington,” Lance said. “He went through what I went through. I called it ‘the Lance toe-test’—that’s where you go out on the front stoop and turn the Washington Post over with your toe. If your name is above the fold, you know it’s going to be a bad day. Hamilton and I had to face all of that.”

Patrick Caddell, Carter’s former pollster, recalled Jordan’s tenacity.

“We went through so many wars together,” Caddell said. “Hamilton was always at his best when our backs were to the wall. He never faltered. He would say, ‘We’re just gonna beat their ass.’

“He was our leader,” he said. “The most natural-born leader I’ve seen in my life.”

At 10 minutes before 2 p.m. Friday, Carter held the hand of Jordan’s widow, Dorothy, as he escorted her through the lobby of the Ivan Allen III Pavilion.

The two walked through the lobby as guests and dignitaries, including former U.S. Sen. Sam Nunn and former Carter administration members Vice President Walter Mondale, Young and Gerald Rafshoon, cleared a path for them. Carter and Mrs. Jordan proceeded into the auditorium where the service began on time.

Inside the Carter Center, sprays of roses, lilacs, and carnations were arrayed along one lobby wall—sent from, among others, President and Mrs. Michael Adams of the University of Georgia, the School of Public and International Affairs at UGA and the volunteers and staff of the American Cancer Society.

There was a stand of sunflowers in the lobby and five sprays of sunflowers sat along the stage in the Cecil B. Day chapel.

Jordan was the political whiz kid who, while still in his 20s, crafted a strategy to elect a peanut farmer turned Southern governor named Jimmy Carter as 39th president of the United States. He then served Carter in the White House as one of the youngest chiefs of staff ever.

Jordan survived multiple bouts with cancer over the past two decades, and during his varied post-White House career became one of the country's leading advocates for cancer research and patient care.

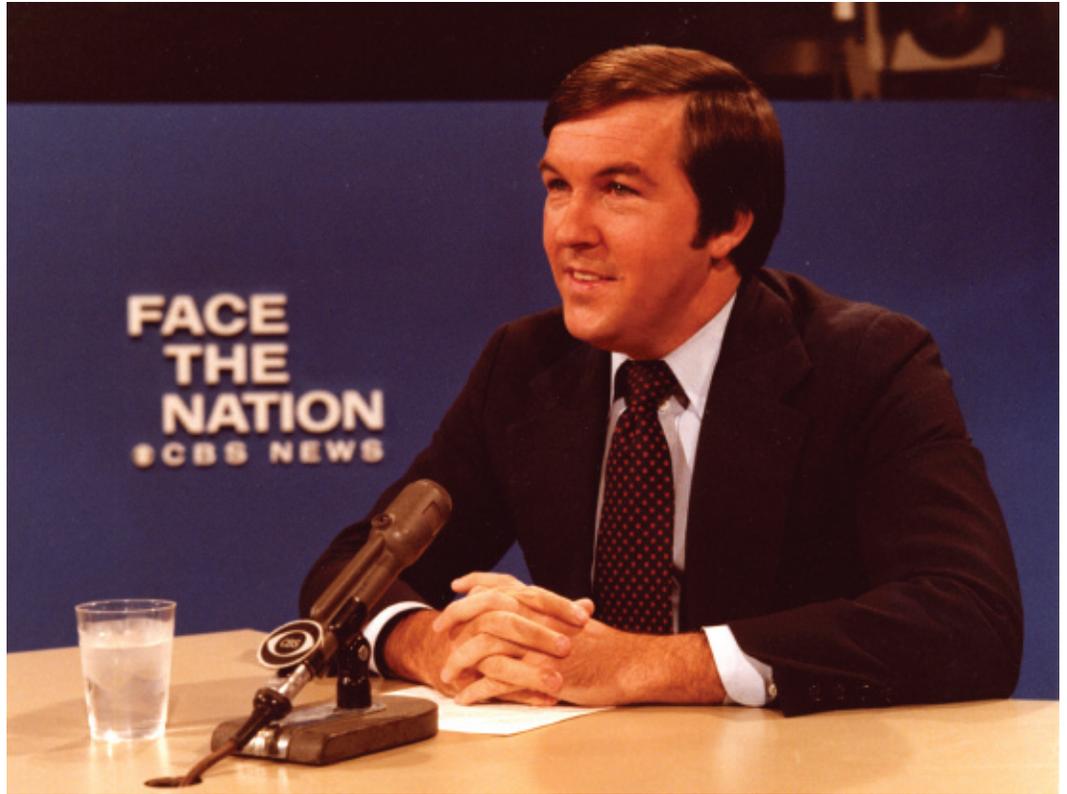
His 2000 memoir, "No Such Thing as a Bad Day," was a national best seller. He also founded the Georgia Cancer Coalition, writing the strategic blueprint for the \$1 billion in tobacco settlement money that funded the effort organized by Gov. Roy Barnes.

Jordan and his wife also founded Camp Sunshine for children with cancer. When his daughter Kathleen, one of his three children, was later diagnosed with juvenile diabetes, the couple founded Camp Kudzu for other children with the disease.

But it was Jordan's precocious political acumen that first launched him onto the national stage.

Raised in Albany and descended from red-clay political bloodlines—relatives included a president of the state Senate and a chief justice of the state Supreme Court—Jordan was described by his mother even as a child as "a political animal."

After working as youth coordinator on Carter's failed 1966 run for governor—he had not yet graduated from the



Jordan appears on the Sunday morning political talk show "Face the Nation."

University of Georgia—Jordan became campaign manager for Carter's successful 1970 bid.

Within two years, Jordan and several other aides hatched a plan for Carter to run for president in 1976.

Jordan's 70-plus-page memo, delivered to Carter just days before Richard Nixon's landslide re-election, became a kind of campaign Rosetta Stone for unknown political hopefuls.

Migrating to Washington with a pack of other Georgians (the "Georgia Mafia"), Jordan joined the administration as "unofficial" chief of staff, Carter has said, then was given that title officially in 1979, at age 34.

His casual style and sometimes bumptious forays into Washington society made Jordan a lightning rod for criticism during Carter's turbulent single term.

Yet he led negotiations to pass the Panama Canal treaties, and participated in talks that led to the Camp David Accords between Israel and Egypt.

Jordan moved to Atlanta after Carter was defeated by Ronald Reagan. He first taught at Emory University and wrote the 1982 book, "Crisis: The Last Year of the Carter Presidency."

In 1986, he ran for the Democratic nomination for U.S. senator, losing to Atlanta congressman Wyche Fowler. He

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A Cheerful Fighter for the Common Good

By Jody Powell

It was fitting that Hamilton Jordan was the first person I met when, almost 40 years ago, I volunteered for Jimmy Carter's gubernatorial campaign. I cannot imagine that any campaign staffer has ever played a larger role in the election of a governor or a president. There is no finer example of political genius than his November 1972 memo that spelled out, in eerily accurate detail, how a former governor from the Deep South could, in November 1976, be elected the next president of the United States.

When people now hear mostly of campaigns filled with ambition, ego and careerism, of hired guns eager to be anybody's dog, it is worth recalling and honoring a man who was none of those things.

Much like the man we both served, Hamilton was involved in politics for a reason—for the good he hoped to do for a state, a country and people who had been dealt the hardest lot in life. Lord knows, he enjoyed the thrill of political combat, maybe because he was so good at it; but it was never all about the game.

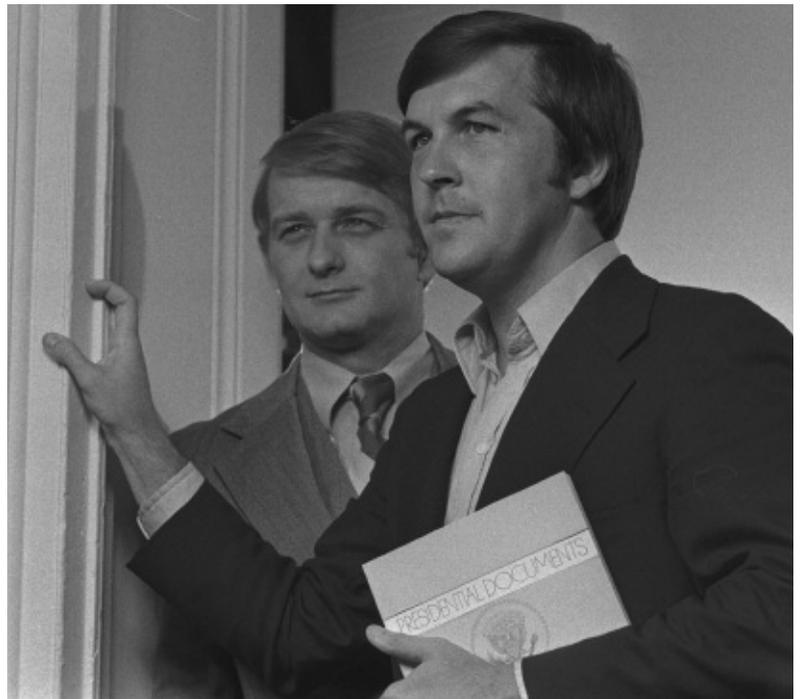
The many young people who worked for him would tell you, as they have repeatedly told me, how they learned from him about how to treat peers and subordinates. He set an example of serving the common good rather than grabbing credit and ducking blame. Our daughter, Emily, came home to Georgia to work in Hamilton's 1986 campaign for the U.S. Senate and returned saying she now understood why her mother and I thought so much of him.

When I joined the Carter campaign those many years back, a year older than Ham though less experienced with both politics and Jimmy Carter, he was completely at ease with my occupying a position with much greater access to the candidate. I often ended up relaying advice, instructions and arguments between the two. Ham and I sometimes disagreed, sharply, but never, even once, did I doubt that his only purpose was to help our boss make the best possible decision.

He was, of course, congenitally incapable of taking himself or anyone else too seriously. His irrepressible, irreverent wit never failed him or us, even in the most difficult times. That was not always to his benefit in the nation's capital, where self-importance was a social disease. It still is—except worse.

As he fought for his life over these last two decades, the example of cheerful courage was exceeded only by his concern for others. He was a tireless advocate of more funding for cancer research, but he also spent countless hours counseling others fighting the same scourge—not just friends or friends of friends but total strangers—helping them and their families sort through the intricacies and emotions of treatment. I know of several who say they owe their lives to Hamilton.

As I think of Hamilton, I remember a friend and colleague whose devilish smile masked a brilliant mind and a huge heart. I hope he did think of those bloodied, starving ancestors of ours and particularly of words from their



Jody Powell, press secretary to President Carter, and Jordan.

commander's farewell. They would, Robert E. Lee said, take with them "the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed."

So would we all say of Hamilton Jordan.

From the Atlanta Journal-Constitution, May 22, 2008. Jody Powell, White House press secretary in the Carter administration, is chairman of Powell Tate, a Washington public relations firm.

Hamilton Jordan, Strategist

By Les Francis

Although his presence on the national political stage was relatively short, Hamilton Jordan left an indelible mark on American politics. A brilliant strategist, Jordan crafted the plan that led Jimmy Carter, a one-term former governor of Georgia, all the way to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

In so doing, he helped bring the South back into the mainstream of national Democratic politics, while at the same time forcing the party to adopt a moderate “center-left” approach to issues.

Memories of Hamilton Jordan

From Ann Wright Dye

I’ll always be grateful to Hamilton. It wasn’t easy being a young woman with professional Hill experience working in D.C. for the 1976 presidential campaign and President-elect Carter’s transition, and then in the White House congressional liaison office in 1977–78. As a former staffer in the early ’70s for the House Democratic Study Group and committee aide for the first woman on the House Armed Services Committee, I was a veteran of congressional reform and Vietnam War votes. I knew a thing or two about how Congress worked, but sometimes I had difficulty convincing male White House staffers that I was a serious congressional analyst. As I often remind my adult daughters, during the 1970s we women were still fighting for respect in the workplace.

Hamilton supported me. He appreciated my agitations about the need to organize for the coming big fight with Congress over the President’s comprehensive energy plan. He invited me to brainstorm with him about strategy for passage of the Panama Canal treaties and other initiatives. An excellent writer himself, he valued the memos I wrote and the weekly analyses I provided. He made all of us feel comfortable and relaxed when we often felt under siege. His insights, guidance, and especially his sense of humor made us better workers, and therefore better public servants. I never told him this directly, but, Hamilton, I was always grateful.

I first met Hamilton the day after the conclusion of the 1976 Democratic Convention in New York City, when he interviewed me for a staff position on the fall campaign.

Carter went on to be elected president, and in the spring of 1977, I joined the White House Office of Congressional Liaison. In June 1979, when President Carter abandoned our “spokes of the wheel” White House management structure, Hamilton was named chief of staff, and I became one of his two deputies. Later still, Hamilton asked me to take on a key management function at the Carter-Mondale re-election campaign.

Hamilton was the person who those of us on the White House and campaign staffs always looked to for leadership, and we were never disappointed. As Chris Matthews, a former White House colleague and now host of “Hardball” on MSNBC, put it, “Hamilton was popular with the troops.”

He was an idealist, someone who was in politics and government for all of the right reasons.

And very much unlike the caricature that the gossip columnists conveyed at the time we worked together, that he was some sort of boor, Hamilton Jordan was an incredibly decent and generous person, and unfailingly loyal friend.

He was also an idealist, someone who was in politics and government for all of the right reasons. He eschewed ideology and rigid partisanship because he believed that politics should be used to make the world a better place.

Finally, it should be noted how Hamilton Jordan chose to use his personal experience with cancer and its resulting adversity to be truly inspirational. In the final two decades of his way-too-short life, Hamilton Jordan helped a great many people deal, fight, and live with the disease. It was an amazing contribution, and it was made almost completely out of the spotlight of public attention.

I am sad today because I have lost an old and good friend. But, I am also sad because our country has lost a colorful, vibrant, and dedicated citizen—one of the truly “good guys” to have passed our way in recent times.

From the San Jose Mercury-News, May 23, 2008. Les Francis served as deputy chief of staff in President Carter’s White House. He is currently a Washington, D.C.-based political consultant.

Washington Never Knew Real Jordan

By Rick Hertzberg

Two years ago, at a reunion and conference at the University of Georgia marking the 30th anniversary of President Carter's inauguration, Hamilton was tethered to an oxygen tank. He had been battling three different forms of cancer since before his 40th birthday. But he looked and sounded stronger than I had expected. His condition did not prevent him from delivering a witty speech at the closing dinner, nor did it interfere with the calm, grave affection with which he greeted old friends and coworkers.

When I got back to New York, I bought a copy of "No Such Thing as a Bad Day," a memoir he published in 2000. It's an absorbing book—concise, artless, often moving. As befits an author who has no time to waste, Hamilton focuses on what is important and personal and skips the rest. There are unsparring accounts of his experiences with cancer and advice for other cancer patients (and mortals generally), but there is also a varied album of sharp snapshots of memory from his young manhood, his active political career, and his middle age

as an observer of and occasional participant in public affairs. He remained an outsider, never tempted, or so it seemed, by the attractions of money and proximity that steer so many ex-White House big shots to offices on K Street.

Most interesting and enlightening to me were Hamilton's memories of his time in rural Vietnam working for the International Voluntary Service, a sort of nongovernmental Peace Corps, and his mini-biography of his extraordinary uncle, Clarence Jordan (1910–69). Clarence was the black sheep of the Jordan family. Taking seriously what he heard in the local Baptist church and read in the New Testament, Clarence founded Koinonia, an interracial Christian commune near Americus, Georgia, that persisted in the face of racist violence and police and F.B.I. intimidation. As a kid, Hamilton was taught to be wary of Clarence: his own father and mother treated their relative as a source of shame and embarrassment. Hamilton had an inkling that they might be wrong and gradually realized just how very wrong they were. I suspect that as Hamilton grew older he felt ashamed of his confused reluctance to fully embrace his extraordinary uncle until it

was almost too late. He goes far to making up for it in the book. It was experiences like these that made Hamilton Jordan a far more interesting and conscience-struck figure than his Georgetown detractors ever knew.

From Rick Hertzberg's blog on The New Yorker Web site, May 21, 2008. Rick Hertzberg served as President Carter's chief speechwriter from 1979 to 1981. He currently is a senior editor and staff writer at The New Yorker.



During a light moment in Egypt during Middle East peace negotiations in 1978, Phil Wise, appointments secretary; Gerald Rafshoon, chief of communications; and Jordan attempt the "three monkeys" proverb—"see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil."

Hamilton Jordan Taught Them a Lesson ... Many Lessons

By Matt Towery

Understand that in the past few decades we have become such a polarized nation that it is impossible to extol the virtues of someone associated with a former Democratic president, particularly an active and often colorful former president such as Jimmy Carter, without immediately upsetting the most partisan of readers. Well, get over it. Hamilton Jordan taught a lot of lessons.

We all need to be reminded of the human side not only of politics and public service, but of the common bonds we all share.

Jordan—along with former Carter Press Secretary Jody Powell and a handful of others, including media executive Gerald Rafshoon—cobbled together and implemented a plan that in the mid-1970s seemed impossible. They turned the one-term governor of a then-small Southern state into the alternative for which a demoralized post-Watergate America was searching.

Hamilton Jordan had the courage of his convictions. He believed in the plan he created for Carter's upset takeover of the Democratic Party and the White House in 1976. He took the potshots and slights that came his way from a D.C. Establishment that resented not only Jordan and Powell, but also close friends of Carter's like former Office of Management and Budget Director Bert Lance.

Lance was unfairly and shabbily treated by a "company town" media for issues that, compared to this current administration, would never have caught anyone's eye. He went on to be one of the Democratic Party's most influential behind-the-scenes movers and shakers.

All of these men took the shots and aggressively tried to serve their nation.

Jordan risked his own life in dangerous undercover meetings in attempts to free the hostages held in our embassy in Iran. And, because they were Southerners surrounded by an old guard elite in D.C., they learned to circle their wagons and rely on their best attribute—loyalty to one another.



In 1979, Chinese vice premier Deng Xiaoping makes the first official visit to Washington by a Chinese Communist leader. From left, Deng, U.S. Rep. Wyche Fowler, Jordan, and a Chinese official.

Hamilton Jordan on more than one occasion faced cancer and stared it down. And not only did he have the guts to fight, he put his money and time where his resolve was, in creating a place for young kids suffering from cancer known as Camp Sunshine.

Others knew him better. But, given my past history in assisting certain other folks from Georgia to rise to the highest levels of power, I always felt a kind of kinship and an affection for Jordan.

Like Hamilton Jordan's life, the storm that raged [in Atlanta] on the night he died was powerful and electric. But it passed quickly. Hamilton Jordan's memory will last much longer.

Excerpted from InsiderAdvantageGeorgia, May 21, 2008. Matt Towery served as the chairman of former Speaker Newt Gingrich's political organization from 1992 until Gingrich left Congress. He is a former Georgia state representative, the author of several books, and currently heads the polling and political information firm InsiderAdvantage.

Jordan Always Seemed Too Big

By Carol Megathlin

When I heard that Hamilton Jordan had died of complications from cancer, I felt a sudden hollowness in my stomach.

I remember him from high school.

Hamilton always seemed too big, somehow, for the space allotted to him. Exuberant, mischievous, never quite coming to rest no matter where he happened to be.

I can't say that he was a friend, but Hamilton was more than an acquaintance to the 400-odd of us who graduated with him from Albany High School. Everybody knew Hamilton. He hurried through the halls between classes, always leaning forward a bit, a hint of the scamp quirking his smile.

We all said he'd be governor someday.

At one point during his college years, he worked at a preppy clothing store just north of the old Varsity in downtown Athens. I think it was called The Shetland Shoppe. My friend Martha accompanied me on a shopping trip there one day when I was on the hunt for a new pair of Weejuns. Hamilton waited on us.

I introduced him to Martha, then asked if he had a size 7-and-a-half narrow in Navy blue. Hamilton disappeared into the stock room, re-emerging with an armload of shoeboxes. None in my size, unfortunately. He tried forcing my foot into a size 7. Too tight, even for Weejuns that would "give." He slipped a pair of size 8s onto my skinny foot, but they flopped when I walked.

He gazed at my feet dejectedly. Then suddenly, the imp leaped into his eyes.

"Well, just get out of here, then," he deadpanned. "Go on, get out." His voice began to rise. Martha and I giggled nervously, heading for the door. He followed us, shouting and gesturing.

As we tumbled out onto the sidewalk, he stood at the door, "And don't come back!"

An Athens policeman happened to be standing nearby, his arm draped over a parking meter. He straightened at the tone of Hamilton's voice, narrowing his eyes at Martha and me. "Oh, Hamilton," we tittered, moving quickly away. To this day, I am sure that only the respectability of our Villager dresses and John Romaine purses saved us from immediate arrest.

Ten years later, during President Carter's administration, I came face-to-face with Hamilton again—in the lobby of the West Wing of the White House. My husband, Bill, was attending meetings in Bethesda and had arranged for Hugh Carter's secretary to give us a tour of the West Wing while we were in D.C. As we perched on a sofa in the lobby waiting for our tour to begin, Hamilton breezed in. He was whistling, wearing



Jordan takes a break in his White House office.

a dark blue windbreaker against the cool spring air.

"Hi, Hamilton," I said, wiggling my fingers in greeting. "Remember me?" I introduced him to Bill.

"What are you here for?" Hamilton asked.

Now, I hate to admit how dense my husband and I were in this situation, but read on.

"Oh, it's nothing important," Bill and I murmured. For some reason, both of us thought he was asking us why we were in D.C., not why we were sitting in the West Wing lobby.



President and Mrs. Carter, Jordan, and Lloyd Cutler, White House counsel, make a toast in the Oval Office.

“No, really. Why are you here?” Hamilton asked again. Again, we deflected his question. “Nothing interesting, just some meetings.”

Hamilton looked at us strangely, holding my eyes as he began to move away. “Well, I would invite you in for a cup of coffee, but ...”

It didn’t dawn on us until months later that we had missed a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Over the years, I read and heard of Hamilton’s ongoing battle with cancer. The last report I remember was on the Albany High School Web site. He sounded upbeat, as if his condition were temporary, something he could whip.

When Bill came to tell me Hamilton had died, he put a comforting hand on my shoulder. It’s upsetting when someone our own age dies. We think we’re too young.

“He really fought hard, didn’t he?” Bill said.

Yes, he did. Hamilton Jordan, a life finished, finally at rest.

From the Savannah Morning News, May 22, 2008. Carol Megathlin is a Savannah writer.

Memories of Hamilton Jordan

From James Fallows

I am surprisingly moved and saddened at the news that Hamilton Jordan has died of cancer, at age 63.

Actuarially the main surprise is that he lived this long: his first serious encounter with cancer happened nearly 25 years ago, and he had many subsequent bouts. And to the extent that people remember him at all from the Jimmy Carter era (nearly half of today’s living Americans had not been born at that time), they may think of him as the wise guy/bad boy of the Administration.

Compared with that image, I thought he was a surprisingly sweet-hearted, decent, and serious person. My impression is probably colored by the career and identity he fashioned after Carter and his team were turned out of office, when Hamilton tried hard and earnestly to write serious books and grappled for years with his disease. Eight years ago I wrote this review in the Washington Monthly of one of Jordan’s books, “No Such Thing as a Bad Day.” This ending of the review is a little crabbier-sounding than I might write today, but I still mean its basic point:

“An unstated operating assumption of the permanent D.C. establishment is that outsiders like Jordan are essentially brought into town on sufferance, for tryouts. They

can adapt, “make it,” and survive when their time with the administration has ended—or they can be drummed out of town and dismissed as losers. In D.C. terms, Jordan was in the latter category; he worked for a losing administration, and he didn’t cut it in society. Yet this book suggests that he has become a more substantial person than most who dismissed him—and even before he went through this transformation, he was a more complicated person than the “Hannibal Jerkin” caricatured in the press. This has made me think of the damage done to other people hooted out of town. (Gary Hart?) If you’re thinking of a midsummer gift for a favorite columnist or Style section writer, consider this book.”

I feel bad for Hamilton and his family.

Postscript: Jordan vastly outranked me in the Carter White House hierarchy, he as chief of staff and me as a less-influential-than-the-title-suggested head speechwriter. But he was an aspiring tennis player and I was on call as a partner and practice-player, the one time in my life that sports has provided upward mobility.

From James Fallows’ Atlantic Monthly blog. Fallows is national correspondent for the magazine.

A Fighter Smart and Loyal

By Bill Shipp

Hamilton Jordan was the smartest consultant I ever knew. He also might have been the wisest of elected officials, if he could have conquered his persistent health problems and escaped the stigma of being Jimmy Carter's right-hand man to win the Senate seat he sought in 1986.

Hamilton did everything possible to beat cancer.

He never once tried to disavow Carter—as many other Southern Democrats did—to improve his career opportunities or even to win a Senate election.

Next to being a true intellectual Southerner and mastermind (the New York/Washington media couldn't fathom at the time how such a person could exist), Hamilton was a 100 percent loyalist. Turning his back on governor-then-president Carter was never considered, not even when Carter's national popularity plunged to near-record lows.

Just as cancer cut him no slack, the national political media showed no mercy in hammering Jordan from the time he arrived in Washington as Carter's top aide in 1976 through his unsuccessful bid for the Senate back in Georgia.

The Tobacco Road Republicans, who still control the Georgia GOP, used Hamilton as their whipping boy at every opportunity. Never mind that Hamilton, like former President



Gerald Rafshoon, Treasury Secretary William G. Miller, Jordan, and President Carter review an article in the Oval Office.

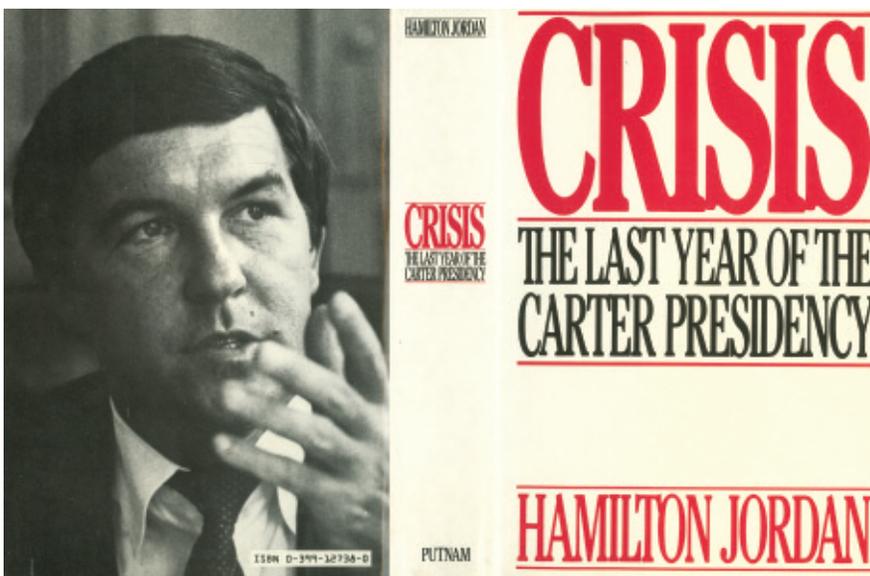
Carter, worked on a variety of good causes, from children's health care to cutting-edge cancer research and organization of a third-way political effort. He worked behind the scenes to land the Democratic National Convention in Atlanta in 1988—the first and last national political convention held in the Southern capital.

“My admiration and respect for Hamilton grew since I met him in the early Carter years,” says Bert Lance, also a Carter stalwart and friend of Jordan. “He was truly the personification of courage.”

In his presidential memoir “Keeping Faith,” Carter wrote: “Hamilton was more seriously misunderstood and underestimated by the press and public than anyone else who worked in my administration. A brilliant political analyst who had devised and managed my presidential campaign, he worked long hours through the most difficult decisions.”

During Carter's tenure as governor, Hamilton as his chief of staff took over the reins of state government.

When Carter went to the White House, Hamilton was a key player in the president's triumphs—from the Camp David Accords to the Panama Canal Treaty that prevented a civil war. He also suffered with Carter the agonies of the Iran hostage disaster and the crumbling American economy.



Jordan's 1982 book, “Crisis,” tells the story of the last year of the Carter presidency and Jordan's own role in the outcome of the U.S. hostage crisis in Iran.

After he left Washington, he wrote “Crisis”—what I believe is the most insightful book of the Carter administration. You ought to read it if you’re interested in inside accounts of White House doings. “Crisis” is the best book of its kind.

He also wrote extensively and in great detail about the onset of cancer and his struggle to beat it. I had the honor of helping compose one of those pieces. He schemed with his pals a couple of times to get back into the national circus. He helped direct Ross Perot’s independent presidential campaign and launched a couple of other things.

Hamilton’s death finally ended a career that might have achieved wonders in getting our nation and state back onto a worthy track to opportunity and prosperity for all.

Bill Shipp writes a twice-weekly political column and runs the political Web site Bill Shipp Online.



On a visit to Panama, Jordan is joined by Gen. Omar Torrijos (second from right), the Panamanian head of state, and Gabriel Lewis (far right), Panama’s ambassador to the United States.



President Carter, Jordan, and Jody Powell discuss a matter aboard Air Force One.



On Air Force One, Jay Beck and Jordan talk with President Carter.

Memories of Hamilton Jordan

From Max Cleland

A couple of years ago, we all got together at The Carter Center for a reunion of the “Carterites.” I sat at Hamilton’s table for dinner. He signed a copy of his book for me. He said he was glad to do it. He also gave me some of his books for some of my friends who were struggling with cancer. I loved Hamilton Jordan and respected him immensely. He was the cornerstone around which the Carter political cathedral was built. There is no doubt in my mind that without him Jimmy Carter would never have become governor.

I know one thing for sure: without Hamilton Jordan and Jimmy Carter, I would have never been head of the Veterans Administration. Therefore, this nation would have never recognized post-traumatic stress disorder as the ultimate outcome of war. We would have never had the Vet Center program that has provided emotional counseling to millions of veterans in the aftermath of war, not just the Vietnam War but also the Persian Gulf War, Somalia, Bosnia, and now Iraq and Afghanistan. So Hamilton Jordan had an impact far beyond his years on this earth and far beyond his mortality in serving Jimmy Carter. He had a massive impact on the world in which he lived and on my life. I will forever be grateful.

Max Cleland is a former U.S. senator from Georgia.

A Fighting Spirit's Legacy of Help, Hope

By William J. Todd

Hamilton Jordan said that the three most feared words in the English language are “You have cancer.”

A political adviser, entrepreneur and investor, he battled six different cancers including non-Hodgkins lymphoma, melanoma/skin cancer, and prostate cancer. He was the most dedicated and dogged cancer fighter I have ever known. He battled royally against his own cancer, choosing aggressive cancer treatment and participating in National Cancer Institute clinical trials.

But he also fought on behalf of the whole nation. He has served on the board of the Lance Armstrong Foundation since its inception. He was a board member who won the Public Service Award from the American Association of Cancer Researchers Foundation. He won the James Ewing Public Service Award from the Society of Oncology and an honorary Ph.D. from the Medical College of Georgia. He worked doggedly at the policy level to improve cancer care in this country.

In 1999, Jordan saw a tremendous opportunity to do something about cancer in Georgia. With Dr. Michael Johns, then head of the Woodruff Health Sciences Center, he presented a concept on “Georgia’s Cancer Initiative” to then-Gov. Roy Barnes. That presentation drew exceptional support and, ultimately, a pledge of \$400 million in tobacco settlement funds over 10 years to launch a concerted effort to take Georgia “from worst to first” in cancer control. That initiative gave birth to the Georgia Cancer Coalition.



Jordan and his son Alexander share a laugh at the Camp Sunshine talent show.

The coalition was charged with taking that funding and leveraging it into a total resource commitment of a billion dollars. When Gov. Sonny Perdue took office in 2003, he pledged to continue support of the Georgia Cancer Coalition.

He was the most dedicated and dogged cancer fighter I have ever known. He battled royally against his own cancer, choosing aggressive cancer treatment and participating in clinical trials.

For that wisdom and insight, Jordan is credited as the founder of the Georgia Cancer Coalition, the inspiration behind the mission to move Georgia from the bottom ranks of cancer care to the top echelon with a 10-year strategic plan.

He had a perfect blend of idealism and pragmatism—

Memories of Hamilton Jordan

From Doug Ulman

Hamilton Jordan was an adviser and a mentor to me. I will never forget his encouragement and support of me as a 21-year-old entering the cancer enterprise. And what he did for me, he did for many survivors. He loved youthful energy, and he embodied the LiveStrong philosophy like no other. He battled cancer for years. And years. And years. And he battled with great dignity.

He was a hero to many, especially to us at the Lance Armstrong Foundation. He dedicated his life to public service, and he will be missed dearly. Our thoughts and hearts are with Hamilton's family as they mourn the loss of a truly great man.

From the Lance Armstrong Foundation's LiveStrong blog, May 20, 2008.



The Jordan family (from left): Hamilton, Kathleen, Hamilton Jr., Alexander, and Dorothy.

convinced that we could defeat the demon, but with the most logical and practical steps, realistic strategies and tactics.

At the individual level, he counseled hundreds of newly diagnosed patients, sharing

his inspirational book “No Such Thing as a Bad Day” and encouraging people to take charge of their own care. With his wife, Dorothy, he founded Georgia’s Camp Sunshine, which now serves 500 children with cancer year-round.

He never gave up. Just three weeks ago, he was planning to arrange a meeting for me with the Lance Armstrong Foundation to strategize on a bold new initiative to pump up the cancer battle in Georgia.

Speaking to the media and community leaders at the Atlanta Press Club in March, he bemoaned the decrease nationally in cancer research funding. He credited his survival in part to his ability to be involved in clinical trials and to have access to quality care providers. He wanted all citizens of the state of Georgia to have those same opportunities.

Jordan fought to the end on the national level and on his own personal cancer journey. He is a role model for us all. The Georgia Cancer Coalition is proud to be one of his many legacies.

From the Atlanta Journal-Constitution, May 26, 2008. William J. Todd is president and chief executive officer of the Georgia Cancer Coalition.

Memories of Hamilton Jordan

From Pete Pollack

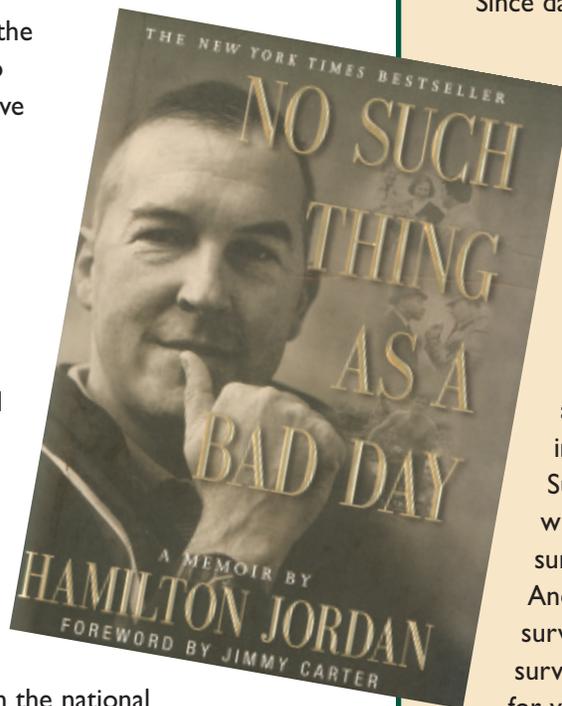
I want to pay tribute to a very special friend and person who has unfortunately left us this week.

Over the past 10 years I have had two bouts with cancer, and without question, outside of my immediate family, my biggest personal advocate has been Hamilton Jordan. When I met Hamilton I was a teenager scared for his life, and he was a three-time cancer survivor. My father and Hamilton have a mutual friend who put us in touch.

Hamilton embodied the spirit of survivorship like no other. He battled cancer for years. And he battled with great dignity.

Since day one of my diagnosis, Hamilton has been a close friend, adviser, and mentor. I will never forget his encouragement and support as an 18-year-old entering the cancer community. During my treatments, Hamilton and I talked almost daily on the phone. When reeling after the shock of my treatments and diagnosis, he took me in as a member of his family by having me move into his home in Atlanta. While living with his family he set me up with a summer job at CNN, encouraged my involvement as a counselor at Camp Sunshine (a camp outside Atlanta for children with cancer), and had Lance Armstrong surprise-call my cell phone for encouragement. And what he did for me, he did for many survivors. Hamilton embodied the spirit of survivorship like no other. He battled cancer for years. And he battled with great dignity.

Hamilton inspired and connected with people unlike anyone else I know. He defied his disease, showing us through his courage to reach beyond ourselves to become something better. He was my hero. Hamilton, you are the best. Rest in peace, my friend; you will be missed dearly.



Writer Remembers Jordan in Washington

By Joe Klein

The first cover story I wrote for Rolling Stone magazine, back before the dawn of time, was about Jimmy Carter's top two, very young aides, Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell—who posed as Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid for the cover shot. It was the worst-selling Rolling Stone cover of the 1970s, but it launched what now can be described as my lifelong friendship with Hamilton and his good friend and deputy, Jay Beck.

He lived a life of real courage, with a death sentence hanging over him every step of the way, and he devoted much of his time and energy to raising money for and running a summer camp for children with cancer.

An extraordinary thing happened during the days that Jordan allowed me to spend with him in his West Wing office: His mother called to tell Hamilton that his father was dying of cancer. He began to cry uncontrollably, and then he explained to me that cancer was rampant in his family—and that his greatest fear was that he would die that way, too. He asked me to leave the crying off the record, which I did ... until now. He lived a life of real courage, with a death sentence hanging over him every step of the way, and he devoted much of his time and energy to raising money for and running a summer camp for children with cancer.



Jordan playfully throws snowballs at staff arriving at the White House.



White House staff applaud during the signing ceremony for the peace treaty between Egypt and Israel in 1979. Clockwise from top left: Frank Moore, assistant to President Carter; Jordan; Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin; First Lady Rosalynn Carter; and Egyptian President Anwar Al-Sadat.

But I'll mostly remember him as a natural-born rebel whose favorite song was Bob Dylan's "Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll." His proudest accomplishment, he once told me with a smile, was reaching out all the way to Macon for the entertainment for the Albany, Georgia, High School prom—a fellow named Otis Redding, whom Jordan chauffeured to and from the event.

He grew in office. His memoir about the Iran hostage affair, "Crisis," is a great read. I didn't see Hamilton often in recent years, but I'll miss him ... and extend my condolences to his wife, children and many friends.

From the "Swampland" blog on the Time magazine Web site, May 21, 2008. Joe Klein is the magazine's political columnist and author of six books.

UGA Recalls Jordan's Drive, Vision

University of Georgia friends and colleagues remembered Hamilton Jordan Wednesday as a big-thinking visionary, a man driven to accomplish and an inspiration to people who worked with him.

Jordan had been an adjunct faculty member at UGA's Carl Vinson Institute of Government since 2005 and was working on a book based on Carter's presidential diaries, even as he wrote his own memoirs.

Most of the world knew Jordan for his role in national politics, or in later years for his work on behalf of cancer victims, especially children.

"I think he helped revolutionize campaigning for the White House," said UGA political scientist John Maltese.

"I believe he may have been the best political mind of the 20th century," said UGA President Michael Adams.

But Maltese and others at UGA remember Jordan more for what he did the past few years at the university.

But even as Jordan's body failed, his mind remained as sharp as ever while he conceived, helped plan and pulled off what UGA officials said was one of the most important conferences ever held at the Athens campus. The retrospective on the Carter presidency brought Carter, his vice president, Walter Mondale, and other members of the Carter administration to Athens for three days in January 2007.

"The Carter conference was a major success," Steve Wrigley, director of the Vinson Institute, said.

Not only did the conference, broadcast on C-SPAN, put UGA on the national stage for several days, but it gave students and faculty an unparalleled opportunity to learn about a presidential administration from the actual people who ran that administration, Wrigley said.

Jordan was in and out of hospitals for treatment as he and others planned the conference in 2006, but even as he suffered, he motivated people through his positive attitude toward life, said Kathy Pharr, a UGA assistant vice president for finance and administration who helped plan the Carter conference.

"What a visionary. He always had the big picture and the big goal in mind, and just dogged pursuit of the goal," Pharr said.

Even at the Carter conference, when Jordan suffered obvious health problems, "he was always upbeat and kept to the task at hand. He was just a positive, inspiring person," she said.

A month ago, Jordan cracked jokes as he accepted an alumni award in Athens, she said.

"It was just an absolute joy working with him," said Maltese, who directed the Carter conference. "I told him afterward, the highlight of the whole conference was getting to know him and getting to feel like a friend."

Jordan had the ability to lift people out of everyday life, Wrigley said.

"He thought in big strokes. He had big ideas," Wrigley said.

Jordan could take people beyond the routine of daily chores and responsibilities, Wrigley said.

"Hamilton could lift you up from that and make you look toward the horizon," he said.

Excerpted from an article that appeared May 22, 2008, in the Athens Banner-Herald by Lee Shearer.

Memories of Hamilton Jordan

From Russ Marane

I was in Cleveland during the primaries of '76 organizing the Peanut Brigade's invasion into Ohio for Nancy and Landon and ran into Hamilton in the coffee shop around 6:30 in the morning. He asked me to sit down and tell him what I thought about Carter's chances in the state, so I told him all that I knew from my visits to most of the major areas where the volunteers would work. He thanked me and then told me he wanted me to manage a state for the campaign during the general election. I remember telling him that I really had never worked in a political campaign before this one, and I was sure he could find lots of pros who could do a much better job. He looked at me with that engaging smile and simply said that anyone who had done what we volunteers had done to get the campaign this far could handle any state in the country. Later, after the convention, I was sent to South Carolina to manage the general election campaign. The rest is history, and it changed the course of my life I am sure, thanks to Hamilton.

His Best Fight Was Nonpartisan

By Tim Kraft

Although he has been out of the headlines for many years, the two lives of Hamilton Jordan, who died last week at the age of 63, are well worth recounting.

As a young gubernatorial aide, Jordan and his boss, Gov. Jimmy Carter of Georgia (1970–1974), concocted one of the most audacious schemes of the 20th century—that of a campaign that would take a one-term Southern governor and peanut farmer to the White House.

In the summer and fall of 1974, Jordan combined the thoughts of several Carter loyalists into a conceptual game plan. What impresses most about this document is his confidence in Carter’s intelligence, character and stamina and his (Jordan’s) own preternatural appreciation of the American political topography of that time. Start early and run everywhere were two of the pertinent and demanding points and that’s exactly what they did (the book “Marathon,” by Jules Witcover, covered all the ’76 campaigns and it is certainly one of the best to put the above in a national context).

Carter campaigned on behalf of former New Mexico Gov. Jerry Apocada in the fall of 1974 and was impressed with Chris Brown, of Santa Fe, the manager of that successful effort. Hamilton Jordan screened both Brown and this writer, and, by March of 1975, Chris and I found ourselves both in significant (but not close-in) roles in a lean, well-managed, and thoroughly dedicated campaign team.

“Well-managed” comes from having a micro-fraction of the money that is tossed around in today’s national campaigns. Jimmy Carter was a frugal individual, a frugal governor, and his campaign was as tight as the bark on a tree. There



President Carter and Jordan dine together in the White House.

Memories of Hamilton Jordan

From Cathy Hotka

I have a memory of Hamilton that I’ll never forget. As Senator Fritz Mondale’s receptionist, I greeted a lot of visitors every day. But one day was different: Jimmy Carter and Hamilton Jordan were standing in the Russell Senate Office hallway, comparing notes. I hoped they’d come in so that I could hear the now-famous line “I’m Jimmy Carter, and I’m running for President.” They came in and shook my hand, and, after swooning, I composed myself long enough to make a beeline to the senator’s office to tell him he had unexpected guests. The rest is history. I’ll never forget.

were no big-lobbyist PACs, family money, or out-of-control budgets—on the contrary, there were senior staff aides, including Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell, who would take months off of their very low salaries to help see us through the early contests.

Today’s campaigns feature specialists and niche functions, spinners and “handlers,” for whom unaware candidates seem willing to pay millions. These are the brand-name consultants who love to appear on cable and network talk shows, who “mic” themselves up and have their day-to-day schedules videotaped to help with their post-campaign book, or, probably, in their fondest dreams, a cable movie.

Hamilton would scoff at that notion (upstaging the candidate) at that time or even today. He could analyze a poll, suggest a media strategy, shape the strategy accordingly, work in perfect tandem with Jody Powell (the indefatigable press secretary), oversee the field operations, advise on debates, and direct the candidate’s schedule, if need be—all behind the scenes.

In 40 years of campaigns, I have rarely seen an overall operation with less backbiting, no buck passing, no blame games, or more total loyalty—from the troops to Hamilton, and through him, to Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter.

In the White House, Hamilton worked tirelessly on three major undertakings that outweighed a domestic agenda that he most probably would have preferred. His prodigious efforts on successful treaties in Panama and the Mideast are



White House staff share a laugh aboard Air Force One (in foreground, from left to right): Gerald Rafshoon; Jordan; Zbigniew Brezinski, national security adviser; and Kit Dobbelle, chief of staff for Mrs. Carter.

chronicled elsewhere. He roamed the globe to seek help on the Iranian hostage crisis in 1979 and 1980, as a special negotiator for the president.

Hamilton's second life went to extremes that few other middle-aged men could rarely imagine. He married, wrote a book, did strategic planning for startup companies and ran for the U.S. Senate in Georgia.

And then began the series of battles that would define his legacy and eventually take his life. It began with lymphoma cancer, which he fought successfully. He was told the remission was complete. The respite was short. Before the year 2000 he would be diagnosed with two other cancers, melanoma and prostate.

The life of an exuberant and energetic young man was now trisected into the highs of a happy marriage and three children, the day-to-day work of helping others fight cancer, and the more lonely regimen of physical pain and therapies.

By "fighting cancer," I do not mean that Hamilton just gave a lot of speeches (which he did) or wrote a few articles. He founded the Georgia Cancer Coalition and served on a similar center in California. He raised money for more research, raised awareness about early detection and diagnosis, and, with his wife, Dorothy, founded a combination camp/foundation with programs for children with cancer.

Even as mesothelioma was taking his life in the last 18 months, he started a research fund for this cancer at the

University of Maryland.

On a personal level, he visited with hundreds of people who sought his advice and in the words of many that I have personally heard, he followed up with their progress for months on end.

Two of five Americans will have some form of cancer. That number will increase to one out of two within 10 years. Hamilton Jordan's best-selling memoir, "No Such Thing as a Bad Day," is part biography, but includes his core, must-do recommendations about dealing with cancer.

Take personal charge of your own fight. Research your diagnosis. Ask any and all tough questions and do not hesitate to get a second opinion. There are more, but summon up, he writes, your greatest resource: "The will to live, which now has been demonstrated scientifically to have an impact on the course of disease generally and cancer specifically."

Hamilton Jordan didn't "lose"—medical research just couldn't keep up with him.

From The Las Cruces (N.M.) Sun-News, May 29, 2008. Tim Kraft is a former senior White House staffer with President Carter who has worked in international political consulting for 24 years.

He Made Tennis Better

By Bill Dwyre

When politics was saying goodbye last week to Hamilton Jordan, so was tennis.

Jordan died at 63 after a long battle with cancer, and his obituaries correctly dwelt on the career of a man who, in his early 30s, designed the strategy that got Jimmy Carter elected president in 1976. By 35, the controversial, complicated Jordan was Carter's chief of staff.

After Carter left the presidency, Jordan eventually found his way into tennis. Sadly, few of those who play the game today and reap its lucrative benefits know who he was, or what he did.

Which was, to change the course of the game.

In the late 1980s, men's professional tennis was disparate and disjointed. The four Grand Slam events ruled, as they do today. But then, they did so with much more arrogance and disdain for their product, the players.

The ruling group was called the Men's Tennis Council, and it was split into thirds—a third each to the Grand Slams, tournament directors and players. It basically made an annual schedule that led into the Slams. Tournament directors had no equity in their events, just a date. And the players, without whom there was no game, had a 33% say, or 17% less than they said they wanted.

In 1987, the decision was made to seek outside help. In charge of the search was Raymond Moore, then head of the Men's Tennis Council and now one of the owners and directors of the prestigious Indian Wells tour stop in March.

"I was interviewing people with [former player] Harold Solomon, and we had five candidates, all qualified," Moore said.



President Carter and Jordan play a tennis match on the White House court. Inset: Jordan checks his desk after the match.

“Then Hamilton Jordan came in. We met at the old Hyatt Grand Champions [in Indian Wells].

“We got an education 101. He blew us away. He had studied the sport, and came in with charts and graphs about players and movements. We had found a guy who could really strategize.”

Among those Jordan hired in his new role of executive director of the Assn. of Tennis Professionals, which was to become the initials-only ATP Tour, was a marketing manager from Adidas, J. Wayne Richmond. Richmond says he has met few like him.

“He came along at a time when tennis needed somebody to shake things up,” Richmond said.

As analytical as he was, Hamilton also had a short fuse, and it blew about a year after he took the tennis job.

At Wimbledon in 1988, Hamilton, Moore, Richmond and others met with Grand Slam tournament officials. Moore ran the meeting and discussed bettering the state of players and non-Slam tournaments. Soon, Philippe Chartrier, president of the French Federation that runs the French Open, spoke and suggested, cynically, that the meeting was mostly a device to squeeze more money out of the Slams.

“Hamilton listened to this, handed me a note and walked out,” Richmond said. “His note said to tell them [the Grand Slam executives] that he was leaving and not coming back.”

He gave a similar note to Moore, who ended the proceedings. A sleeping giant had been awakened.

Several months later, just before the U.S. Open in New York City, Jordan asked for a meeting of the top players in the game. It was time for the ATP to create its own tour, as Moore had been advocating for several years. The players were now going to hear a plan for what they wished for, what they hired Jordan to do.

“I’ll never forget it,” Richmond said. “He was nervous that they wouldn’t show up, but one by one, they filtered in — [Yannick] Noah, [Mats] Wilander, [Boris] Becker, [Tim] Mayotte, [John] McEnroe.

“Then, right after we got started, in walked this kid with long hair. He plopped down in a seat and opened his bag of Taco Bell. [Andre] Agassi.”

Jordan made his pitch, Noah was the most vocal in backing him, and each player was asked to sign a document that said, in essence, that the players, through their elected officials, would run their own affairs. The ATP Tour, as it is currently constituted, was born.

After Carter left the presidency, Jordan eventually found his way into tennis. Sadly, few of those who play the game today and reap its lucrative benefits know who he was, or what he did.

Which was, to change the course of the game.

The sheet was passed around, all signed, Richmond collected it, and to his horror, saw that all had signed in pencil.

“Here we had what amounted to a declaration of independence, an historic document for the sport,” Richmond said, “and it’s in pencil. But Hamilton was just happy to get the signatures and didn’t press it.”

A week later, things got even more interesting. Jordan wanted to make the announcement of the new players’ plan during the U.S. Open. He asked to use one of the news conference rooms at the U.S. Tennis Center, but when USTA officials heard what would be announced, they declined. So Jordan did it in the parking lot.

“It was pure genius,” Richmond said. “If we’d held it in one of the press rooms in the middle of the tournament, there would have been six reporters showing up.

“But putting it in a parking lot outside the main gate of the U.S. Open, with the former chief of staff of the United States standing there, and the top players in the world standing behind him, meant everybody had to be there to see it.”

To generate funds for his new tour, Jordan cut a marketing deal with IMG worth \$54 million. He also got a \$25,000 application fee from tournaments that wanted to be on the schedule starting in 1990. More than 125 tournaments applied. Now the players had a say in their own game and the tournaments had equity in theirs.

“He built it out of almost nothing,” Richmond said. “We were at a point where the Slams could have crushed us, taken us over. He saved that.”

A couple of years later, Jordan was gone. He had climbed the tennis mountain. Taller ones remained. Plus, a battle with cancer was ahead.

“We were easy for him,” Moore said. “If he could take a peanut farmer and make him president of the United States, tennis was putty in his hands.”

From the Los Angeles Times, May 27, 2008.

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became chief executive for the Association of Tennis Players, from 1987 to 1990, then briefly served in 1992 as a campaign strategist for Texas billionaire H. Ross Perot's third-party presidential bid.



President Carter and Hamilton Jordan in the Oval Office.

Jordan's first cancer diagnosis, non-Hodgkins lymphoma, came in 1985. He battled various forms of the disease afterward, including melanoma and prostate cancer.

Jordan called on his long experience as a survivor not only to advocate in the cancer community, but also to inspire thousands of others diagnosed with the disease.

About This Newsletter

The Carter/Mondale Letter is sent to individuals who were associated with the campaign and administration of former U.S. President Jimmy Carter and Vice President Walter Mondale. Please send us news, photos, and other items that will interest your fellow alumni and let us know of others who need to be added to the mailing list: Jay Beck, The Carter Center, One Copenhill, 453 Freedom Parkway, Atlanta, GA 30307; Fax (404) 420-3816; E-mail jbeck4@emory.edu.

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